



ANTIQUE

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Crispwe the bofe thou fofe fofe marpner, & twynd wel by thy faple,
fo; thou myght neuer wind it by better cyne own felf fo; to auaile.

There ware the mery marpners, that dwelt in Maldon meade
That could faple of twynde and twyde, of chanel and of fream
And eke they; compaffe well by pte, from euery thore & fteade
And ware acquainted w the rockes; and landes þ myght them queame
From Maldon hauen to Billingsgate, as wel þ bnderrake
As any the; of many yeres, fuche courfe that bled to make.

A Craper had they pte to faple, and all they; fable yare
And all they; fraught þ;ought a bo;de, to twende to Maldon towne
But fo; the twynde was not the beft, befo;e they forth wolde fare
They thought the cite fo; to rowme, and biewe it by and downe
If thing bncouth they there might fynde, wherw to moue fome glee
When they came home to Maldon meade, amonge they; compagne.

To Bowles they hred as place moft fyfte, fo; netwes in they; deuyces
Amonge the p;nters gan they fearch, and bufily enquire
Fo; thinges that might fo; fouelric, at home be had in price
The printer fapd he thought he had, to pleafen they; deuyce
And d;ewe them nere into his thoppe, and gan vnfolde them lpght
A rolle of l;phmes, wherof the fy;ft, the dickers d;eame it byght.

Then folowd anfwere to this d;eame, to Daute dickers tohan
A folompne proceffe at a blufhe, he quored here and there
With matter in the margent fet, wheron to gafe they gan
But they ne wifd fo; ought þ; anfwere, but he;ue that it were
A Replication was the nger, whiche well þ vnderftoode
Fo; that þ founde no worde therein, but it was Englyfhe good.

But lo;e here the fourth quod he, that maketh by the mofte
þ warrant pou a clarkely pece, fe howe it is be deate
(As fellers are nor nowe to learne, they; wares to p;aple þ; gell)
The name therof Reioynder was, a terme to them fufpette
Beaufe it founde of the lawe, as though fome cafe it warre.
Of fopniture right fo; waywarde twyes, to pleaden at the barre.

Put ay the prynter pressed on, and take them all quod he
I knowe your names, but byerthen myne, I you assure can
They be as good as in this towne in any shoppe there be
Our names quod he, and one stepped forth, a wight yonge watre man
My playn is my name, and this is warre, and German hight the third
As truly and sure as tackle knowe, as euer with you was gyd.

Well within, Watte, and German gent, by al your names I sweare
Ye shall not neede upon my word, to stande in any doubt
I me myer self ye can not fynde, a boord with you to beare
So wyll ye say your selues I knowe, when ye haue red it out
But yf ye be vnlearned to reade, as maryners lightly be
Then yf ye lyst to heare a whyle, ye shall it heare of me.

For Gods swete bones quod Watryn tho, for bokysh be we not
I knowe to talke, and styke, I byere, I by the ancho:re wape
And cables folde, and clymber to toppe, and then go tosse the portre
But if thou wylt of curtesy, of this be somwhat say
By god my penny shalbe swayne, and they; s shal make a grete
Though we therfore shulde go to bed, at nyght with thy; s; ap th; ote.

Say then quod he Saynt George to bo:otwe, the day is ours all
Ye shall it heare eche lyne at length, but fy; s; and wote ye what
The partyes swayne betwene the which, this styke is nows befall
It me behoueth fy; s; to tell, good order asherth that
Wherfore a whyle gyue eare I pray, tyll I those swayne set out
And then ye may your fantasye say, by turne eche one about.

This Diker semes a th; purngge ladde, brought by in Dierces scole
The plotwman stoure, of whom I thynke ye haue ful often harde
A swynchyng swaine, that handlerth wel his spade and other toole
Ful loth he ware for lacke of hede, they shulde be recaly made
For why in them and in his hande, his spurnge chesely standes
He byagges not of his rentes ne fees, ne of entayled landes.

And yet he semeth a curteuse hinds, and comen of good stocke
For Dikers seawe in my contry, so wel y thewed bene
I warraunt you who lyst him p;ue, he is no sp;itellish blocke
But to my tale, In cockowe tyme when eche thyng gan to grete
All weryed from his worke, retournes this Daw Diker hende
And for to ease hym selfe the bet, ful softly gan he wende
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Unto his house within a grove, a lytle there besyde
His bottle & his bagge, he hent, he left them not behynde
Wherin remayned but small surplus, of viande at that tyme
And downe he sate hym on the benche, of meate had lytle mynde
But gan complayne his werynesse, and on his hande his hedde
He dyd arrest, & cleped wyfe, as though he wolde to bedde

To dame he sayd thou wotest I trowe, that candle is to dier
So sytte by late and praten out our thyngt tyll farther nyght
And ke I myll no supper haue, lette be put out the fyre
And hast we all to bed I saye, that tyme betymes we myght
And in he slepte, and sone he was bncased in his couche
And at his heade as was his wont, he layed by his pouche.

To every labouring men, full swete both seme such rest
He had nor tyn longe, but loude he gan to rouse
And softly by his syde his wyfe, her selfe to bed adrest
The dogge, the cat, and syb the mayde, eche couchen them about
Into theyrernes where they ware wont, and al was buyt and styll
And Daup gan to dycame his dycame, as we deuyfen wyll

Then Wylynn gan at once bpb:ayde, and sware by gods dyne harte
Aruwe for bookes, me leuer ware that I could tel this tale
Then of your scrabblynges for to haue, a load by wayne or carte
Strawe for such peltry, it is good to stuffe an empty male
I durst it take upon my soule, in all this lyther thyng
Is not a tale that may be founde so muche to my lyhyng.

Yea yea quod Wat, my selfe by gylt, in youth might this haue learned
If I so wyse or happye had ben to folowe my fathers wyll
Who would haue spent upon my scoole so muche as he had earned
But I was bent another waye, me thought it bery yll
All daye to rucken on my taylor, and pozen on a booke
It was nothyng unto my paye, full soone I it forsoke.

But Herman here our other mate, it was a wpyt else
Ado, ado, quod herman then and ppynter yet go forth
What was the dycame that Daup mette as he it tolde him selfe
For yet me thinketh by thy face, that dycame is somewhat worst.
Content quod he grue heare agayne, and here me what I sayne
I shall you reade this dycame a ryght, as here I fynde it playne.

Dauphine's dymme.

When sayth in frendes beares fruite, and foolysch fantasies fade
 & crafty catchers come to nought & hate great loue hath made
 When fraude fliech farre fro towne: & loyterers leaue & fynde
 And rude shall runne a ryghtfull race, and al men be well wynde
 When gropers after gayne, shall carpe for common wealth
 And wylp woo;kers shall by dayne to fygge and lyue by health
 When wyldeome walke a losse, and folly fyttes full losse
 And verrue bairnqueth pamperd vice & grace begynnes to growe:
 When Justice ioynes to truerh, and lawe lokes not to mende
 And byphes helpe not to buyld faire bowers, nor gyfres greet glorie
 When hongre hides his head & pleiny pleaserh the pore (fynde)
 And nyggardes to the nedy men shall neuer murte the dore
 When double darke deceipt, is out of credite wynde
 And sawnyng speche is falsch founde & craft is laught to shone
 When pyde that pykes the purse, gapes not for garments gay
 Nor Jauelles weare no beluete wibes nor wand;ing wyres beare
 When riches wynges not right, ne power puttes pore abacke (sway)
 Nor couptous cripes not into court no; learned lyuings lache
 When slipper sleighes are sene and farre fatches be founde
 And pyuate profite and self loue shall both be put in pounde
 When deb; no sergaunt dyces and courtiers credite hepe
 And might melles not with merchandise, no; lordes shall sel no thiepe
 When lucre lastes not longe, and hurde grete heapes dorch hare
 And euer wyght is well content, to walke in his estate
 When truth dorch recade the stetes, and lyres lurke in den
 And lye dorch crygne and rule the royl, and wibes out wiche men
 When balefull barnes be blyth, that here in Englande wonne
 Your crype shall crye J bnderrake, and dyedfull dayes be donne.

This Dypher was no sole J gelle, quod Warte and Herman tho
 It seemeth well he hym berhought, upon the wo;ldes change
 And of his dyudge and mych'c payne, when he to bed dyd go
 And then to dycame of such lyke thynges, perdy it is not straunge
 Such as my talke and thoughtes haue bene, the day before certayne
 Such thynges again at night in slepe, my dymme hath shewed me plaine.

And che J harden ones, a ryght good doctour tell.
 That such as farced go to bedde, with meate and dymme good flo;e
 They dycames alwaye to them in mo;e dyso;dyce sell
 When yf they empty went to bedde, as ye haue harde before
 That Dauid dyd whose supper was, so slender and so short
 That nothyng els but wearynesse, and nature caused hym to rest.

A d;came a drawe quod Mr kin then, by god it nas no sweyn
Ben d;came of deupls, of apes, and wles, of naked gyrls and boyes
But I ne thynke this d;came is such, it birerly thynges soeuen
It talketh with god reason rounde, of fanlica ne of toyes
But of such thynges as I can not, amenden with my wytte
No; neuer shall I thynke be founde, resournd euerp wytte.

No quod the p;nted no, that ment not the d;came I undertake
But were as many thynges ben scold, that mans wyt can not fatche
To mend as many as we can, and the rest a paterne make
To byng our state as upghe to them, as mans deuyce can matche
As out of blarces comen welth, a tale I coulde you tell
Of many thynges that he wolde haue, and not but very well:

That neuer yet in earthe ware founde, as he wolde haue them done
Quod Matre no more of blarces loze, I ken him not by gyfte
He care not muche except he coulde some rules for chaunge of mone
But well I wat algates and am full sure of this
That I haue harde the preachers speake, of al muche as is here
And of mo thynges than any man, is able to come nere.

But as me thynkes it is to fyne, for such a rude bylande
It ware ynoughe for a ryght good clerke, at instypnly taught
He had to helpe his paryshe p;ch, I venture durst my hande
What though he coulde it d;came thus right, yet I belue it naught
That he coulde with such quene p;uerbes, his d;came at large endite
And che I thynke the sely swapne, byd neuer learne to wyte

No Matre quod the p;nter tho, thou harpest on the truth
His Dyke had a frende in court that well coulde handle pen
With whom he was acquynted earst, as playfclowes in youth
Who for they then companions ware byd hym boughsafe to ken
And soued Daup euermore, in hym suche truth there was
And Daup when he came to reuene, busene wolde not hym pas.

Bestell upon a market daye, when he this d;came had had
That he to London lyst resort, for thynges that shod him nede
He founde his frende, and al this d;came, at length it to him radde
And he for that it semed a thyng, the pennynge worth in dyde
Can drawe it into frame, and shapen as ye harde
And one that lust it fantasie, to p;ntynge it p;clarde.

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To knowe I haue the halfe performed, that I you earely beight
What maner man this Daire was, and howe this dreame came out
And nowe I wyl to Camell passe, if pe therin delighe
By whom this wyl sturte, is chiefly brought about
And tell fro poynte to poynte, as earely I dyd of this
His worthynesse as I it knowe, and as the sayng is.

The Camell seeme to me to be, a great our landishe beast
Quod German to the p:nter then, that longe his peace had holde
With bunches twayne upon his backe, as highe as any horse at least.
Of which I do rememb:re is, in the newe Testament tolde
That euery speche good, may by to heauen as easly flye
As maye this wyld beuoly beast, passe through a nybles eye.

And the we none in Englaunde haue except they bene by brought
Of Iare that I ne knowe, out of some farr countrey
And by my trowth if I shall say you playnly to my thought
Thoughe none we had, it shalles not muche, if they so beuoly be
But p:nter trust thou me, I wylle it not belieue
I becke to speake and wryte this, my reason doth not giue.

The p:nter loudlye loughe, and so dyd al the choppes
And sayde that German spoken had, as much as myght he sayde
But were the Camell here quod he, by wold he in the toppes
No force quod he, if he adde I am nothinge a frayde
Thoughe I do selde out horsebacke come, there can no Camell bynde
I wyl knowe more, leste we to say, the sayngs of my mynde.

Wary knowe thou then quod he, that Camell is a man
Say p:nter softe quod I playnly, and suffer me so speake
What cause had he that moued hym, to answer to thy's whan
O: why shulde he of other al, so sumptuously our byake
To hart at Dauye Daires dreame that ment him none breest
Except he were one of those logges, that it wolde haue redrest.

Wardieu a dreame is but a dreame, a fantasie of the heade
And he ne ment I hope that men, shulde it so: godspell take
But as a sweyn or fantasie, that eche one shulde it reade
For thy me thynges accordyngly, the name byd Dauye make
And nowe a man (ye saye he is) agaynst a dreame to spurne
We thyngs it epyther smelles of craft, or els of some hart burne.

What soft mate quod the prynter tho, and he began to lowe
 You gynne wate hore I wene, agaynst the sonne
 Ye may be cooled ere ye come home, with some fresche Appyl howe
 This is to much before that I my tale haue all ydone
 Here fynt an ende of all, and then pronounce done
 O: els depart ye calmly hence, euen such way as ye come.

Herman was full wo, when he, the prynter sawe thus word
 And had but spyle lust to tary out the tale
 And to his felowes gan byp:ayde, ye se the daye hence goth
 And che ye knowe as wel as I, the water gynnes to bale
 And by the banes I spyre the wynde, to be by south at west.
 What we vs haue to aldon meade, I thynke it be the best

And therfore nowe gyue vs quod he, and take thou here thy grote
 And though that Wylliam and this Mat, haue shewed theyr hasty wote
 (We Maryners be salte pferre, we can no bet god wote)
 I praye the prynter be content and take no greffe at it
 We haue at home a maryner that can some sayl of booke
 He shall them see and reade them vs, and so theyr leaue theyr toke.

And I that prynter was at al, for that I lyked the spoote
 Gan prynt it in my speche booke, in order as I tolde
 And for to pen it out the bet byd to my telle resorte
 And dyctwe it there into a booke, as I had harde it tolde
 Not with such wordes as they it spake, but in suche wordes as I
 Had partly learned of my dame, and lye to fault asy.

Suche happe may happe, to gyue a seconde fyfte
 It cause shall happe, and say sure serue to it.

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